

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Chickens with plenty of gravel will not pick their own feathers.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—To wipe the dust from papered walls take a clean, soft piece of flannel. Of course it must not be damp, but the dry flannel will remove the dust.—*Eschange.*

—It is always well to watch dogs at home. Many of the most innocent-looking dogs are the ones that kill sheep, and they seem to possess sufficient intelligence to hide the fault. All dogs should be constantly under supervision on sheep farms.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Baked Indian Pudding: Scald a quart of sweet milk and thicken it with a teaspoonful of corn meal; when partly cool stir in half a pound of raisins, quarter of a pound of sugar, four well-beaten eggs, spice to taste, and bake an hour and a half. Serve with sauce.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—If a mouse or rat makes entrance into any part of the dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne pepper in solution, and stuff it into the hole, which can then be repaired with wood or mortar. Neither rat nor mouse will eat this rag, which should be large enough to fill the hole completely.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Floating Island: Sweeten a pint of thick cream with white sugar; grate in the peel of one lemon; whip it to a froth. Pour a pint of thick cream into a china dish; lay sponge cake in thin slices over it lightly, and pour the whipped cream on top, and pour whatever remains into the bottom of the dish. Garnish the rim with sweetmeats.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Try this for ten minutes: Pick up one teaspoonful of codfish; let it soak in lukewarm water while you mix two cups of cold mashed potatoes with one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a good-sized lump of butter, pepper and salt to taste; then add the codfish, mix all well, and bake in a buttered pudding dish for twenty-five minutes to half an hour; serve hot.—*N. Y. Post.*

Manuring Light Soils.

I am thoroughly satisfied of my own knowledge that a sandy soil is no more leachy than a clay soil; and the finer sand the more it will act as a filter to water passing through it. The floor of my manure cellar and of my barnyard are clear sand, of an excellent kind for making mortar for masonry. After six years' use of the cellar and the constant pressure in it of wet and sometimes sudden cow manure floating in liquid, the soil is not discolored two inches in depth. It is the same in the barnyard and also in the small yard of a stable where I have kept one or two cows for seven years past for experimental purposes chiefly. Here the discolored soil is not more than an inch deep. It is the same in the manure pile, and the liquid from the gutter runs into a small pit which is kept full of absorbents. If any sandy ground should be leachy, it ought to be the bottom of this pit; but, on the contrary, the bottom of it holds all the substance of the manure in two or three inches of the soil; and below this sand is clear and clean and quite free from odor. I would suggest that some of your readers who believe in leachy soils should make a few tests of this kind.

But manure does disappear very rapidly in light soils. This is a most important fact for owners of such land to make themselves sure of and apply to their practice. But it does not leach away or run through the soil. Where, then, does the manure go? To hear here comes in one of those natural laws which I have referred to, and clears up the problem. The manure is oxidized completely and is reduced to its mineral and gaseous elements with great rapidity by the operation of a well-known law of chemistry. This is the power of any porous substance to act as an oxidizing agent. It is exhibited in sponge-platinum, and especially in those old-fashioned incense spirit lamps, which slowly consume at a low, red heat, and without flame, the scented alcohol with which the platinum in the wick is fed. It is also shown in the power of cotton or wool waste or cloth to oxidize and inflame oil with which they are saturated. It is also shown in the rapid disappearance of every apparent part of the manure in the dry soil of the common earth closets, so that the dry earth may be used over and over again without becoming saturated. It is also shown in the absorption and destruction of organic matter in many other ways, and in the well-known effect of road-dust or dry earth as a deodorizer and disinfectant. It explains the effect of dry earth as a healing agent in surgery, and of the mud and earth baths for the treatment of wounds, common among some savage nations. But further explanation is unnecessary, because this peculiarity of porous substances is well known as a scientific and practical fact which needs no voucher.

Then when manure is applied to light soils it is subjected to this rapid oxidizing agency and disappears. In a spot in my garden manured last spring with cow manure, at the rate of 100 pounds to the square yard, or 240 tons to the acre, and spaded in to-day no trace of the manure, except the dark color of the soil, which when dug into and turned over has a mottled yellow, brown and black appearance, showing where the lumps of manure have left their remains. It is the same in the fields, but to a less extent. In clay soil this rapid disappearance does not occur, and of course the manure lasts longer. But the manure is not lost in the light soil. It has given up its elements to the crop. In the plat manured as above mentioned, I had thirty-two hills of melons, and these produced 163 large fruits, without counting nearly as many small ones. This, at thirty to the barrel, is equal to five and a half barrels—equivalent to 370 barrels to the acre. The product would have been larger had not five hills been destroyed by the larvae of the striped beetle before I found a way to circumvent them. The appearance of the soil indicates, however, that the manuring was greatly in excess of a reasonable necessity, and possibly a fourth of the quantity would have been equally productive.

It is different with clay soils. There the manure stays longer, because the clay is more compact, less porous and admits the air less freely. Does not experience also explain the action of cultivating and pulverizing the soil, by which the organic matter in it is oxidized more freely, and the crops are benefited? The result goes to show that light soils must be managed differently from clay lands, in manuring them more frequently—say every second year, instead of every fifth year, as with heavier soils—and using less manure at each dressing in proportion to the shorter time.—*H. Stewart, in Country Gentleman.*

Re-appearance of the Comet of 1812

On the 3d of September Mr. Brooks, of Phelps, New York, discovered a comet. Its advent was quickly made known to the scientific world, and it was described as round and faint, and having no tail. Its course was toward the earth, and it was hoped it would become visible to the naked eye in two or three months. It was generally accepted as a new-comet making its first visit to the clime of the sun, and was known as comet Brooks, or comet 1883.

Instead, however, of being a new-comet, this comet is an old friend that made its first recorded visit in 1812, and is known as Pons' comet, from the name of the discoverer, or, more simply, as the comet of 1812. Encke, an astronomer of the time, found that the comet moved in an ellipse, with a probable period of nearly seventy-one years, so that its return was looked for about this time.

The Rev. George Searle, of New York, was the observer who discovered the identity of comet Brooks and the comet of 1812.

Cometic astronomy was comparatively in its infancy when Encke made the computation of the orbit of this comet. It is simply wonderful that, with the data at his command, he should have reached a result so nearly accurate. Within a few years, however, two series of observations of the comet have been discovered which were unknown to Encke. Two French astronomers, Messrs. Schuimacher and Bossert, undertook to compute the orbit, using all the data known. The Paris Observatory published the result of their labor in pamphlet of 204 pages. From time to time the enthusiastic French observers issued memoranda of the probable position of the comet when near enough to be seen. Unfortunately, the first observations of comet Brooks did not seem to agree with the French ephemeris, and it was hastily concluded that the erratic visitor was a new member of the cometic family, come to take its first peep at our little planet.

The Rev. Mr. Searle studied the question more carefully, and verified the computations more accurately. He proved beyond question that the positions marked out for comet Brooks were identical at the time of observation with those in which a comet would be found if it was traveling in the ellipse computed by Encke. He went further, using the new orbit of the French astronomers, and proving that the comet was observed in the exact position where it should have been found according to the orbit computed seventy years ago.

There is therefore no shadow of a doubt that our eyes beheld the long expected comet of 1812. Its perihelion passage will take place on the 25th of January, 1884. It will then be about 60,000,000 miles distant from the earth, two-thirds the distance of the sun.

In 1812 the comet presented, when discovered in July, the appearance of an irregular nebulous mass, with the diameter of 200 miles. In September the nucleus was five minutes in diameter and the tail was two degrees or seventeen minutes in length. Though very bright it was distinctly visible in the naked eye, and was observed for ten weeks before it disappeared in the star depths. The returning comet, when first seen, presented similar elements. About the 2d of September it was a comet of the first magnitude, however, a remarkable and unexpected outburst occurred, the nucleus expanding into a confused, circular nebulous patch of light, and the comet increasing many times in brilliancy in the course of two or three days. On the 23d the nebulous mass was two minutes in diameter, and on the 24th it was four minutes in diameter and shone with a lustre equalling a star of the seventh magnitude. The activity of the display is almost unparalleled in cometic history, and is especially noteworthy on account of the comet's great distance from the sun at the present time. Since this curious outburst the comet has been a well-behaved member of the family, but it is impossible to predict what vagary it may next indulge in.

The comet of 1812 may now be seen in the evening in the northwest in a telescope of moderate power, and is said to be visible in a good opera glass. In a few weeks it will be easily perceptible to the unaided eye, and when the year 1884 makes its advent, it will be near its culminating point. It will not equal the sublimity of comet 1812 in size or brilliancy, but it will be visible in the evening sky and will be so much more convenient to observe that there will be compensation in its lessened splendor.

It is an astronomical triumph, that with the inadequate means at command for computing an ephemeris, an astronomer seventy years ago was able to predict the course of the comet for this comet's return. Our ancient friend is winging its swift flight toward us, and before long our eyes will be gladdened by a sight of its face after a long travel of three score years and ten, when almost every eye that noted its first appearance has ceased to behold the shining picture that nightly arches over the earth. The comet's general comets with a seventy-five years. Halley's comet with a period of seventy-five years is the only one of them that has made more than one return. Its last appearance was in 1835, and it is next expected in 1911. The comet of 1812 with a period of seventy-one years now returns for the first time. The comet of 1812 with a period of seventy-four years is confidently anticipated in 1889. *Scientific American.*

—People who seize pistols at night and nervously bang away at noises in their houses generally make mistakes. Sometimes a somnambulist mother-in-law is killed; sometimes a belated son is laid out, and often an innocent window curtain is destroyed. Mr. Choate, the teller of a bank in Newark, N. J., had good luck a few nights ago. He found an uninvited guest in his house. He promptly killed him. The man turned out to be a genuine unknown burglar.—*N. Y. Times.*

—Jim Baker, one of the oldest Rocky Mountain trappers, has retired from his wild life, after having spent forty years in the wilderness. "Jim, the Scout," as he is familiarly called in Denver, is now over seventy, but his form is still as straight as an arrow, his eye as bright as a child's, and his step as elastic. He is now living in Denver, and talks of the time when he camped in the wilderness which is now the capital city of Colorado.—*Chicago Herald.*

—In the last two years there have been 172 illustrations for the signal service, of which fifty-three were college graduates.

—It is estimated that ten thousand hunters are killing deer and buffalo in Montana along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad.—*Chicago Herald.*

A Judge's Revenge.

Sometimes judicial humor takes rather a grim shape and a good instance of this occurred here in San Francisco a few weeks ago. It was in one of the superior courts, presided over by a judge who is remarkable for the force of his life, and for the remarkably judicial cast of his mind. He is a veritable Socrates of the bench; a truth-seeker who thinks no time wasted, no labor ill-spent that tends to throw the slightest light upon the merit of the case before him. At the same time he abhors above all things the frivolous waste of time indulged in by some attorneys who seek to gain a reputation by going over the same ground again and again and badgering witnesses upon trivial points which can have no real bearing on the case. Now it chanced that in a suit for divorce, recently tried before this modern Socrates, the opposing counsel were both men of easy, off-hand type, though they worked by different ways. There was a gentleman who makes up for a lack of quick perception and legal acumen by a Bunsbyish affectation of depth. As a cross-questioner he is one of the wood-sawing order of attorneys; a slow, tedious bore, who, in following little points out to their ultimate conclusion, sometimes fails to grasp the broadness of the case. He takes exception to every single ruling and lumbers up his cases with a mass of verbiage which, while it might perhaps serve to entangle a dull jury, is immediately cast aside by the clear, incisive insight of a trained and experienced judge. Opposed to this legal snail was a lawyer of the pluckiest type, a man of the sword-hammer, policy, cut-and-dash order, a sort of legal bushwhacker, whose tactics were not to join issues squarely and fight in the open, but to make unexpected strokes, dash in on the enemy's wings, harry his pickets and drive his witnesses half crazy by the most abrupt and unexpected matters and cases on which this pair of worthies were engaged was a suit for divorce brought by a wife on the ground of cruelty. Both plaintiff and defendant were put on the stand, and in addition some five witnesses were examined. It was a simple case and one that could easily be tried fairly in half a day. But the bushwhacker for the plaintiff introduced a mass of irrelevant matters and the smooth-bore for the defendant wasted so much time to find out whether it was a blue dress or a green one which the plaintiff wore when the defendant ill-treated her, that it was two full days before the testimony was all in. The judge had done all in his power to stem the tide of talk, and was annoyed beyond measure at the waste of time, for his calendar was crowded and other litigants were anxiously awaiting a hearing. On the morning of the third day the judge expressed a hope that there would be no long arguments, but it was now the plaintiff's counsel had finished his abuse, and the shades of dark were falling when the defendant's counsel was compelled to stop from physical exhaustion.

"I presume that your honor will charge the jury to-morrow morning," said the smooth-bore as he sat down. "You have presumed too far once," said the judge grimly. "I am determined to dispose of the case to-night. It has been delayed too long already, and for that reason we will have an evening session."

"But, your honor," exclaimed the bushwhacker, jumping hastily to his feet, "I have to be present at a marriage party, given in my house to-night, and I must beg your honor to postpone to-morrow." "And, your honor, this is also a party of my house to-night, and I must really press my motion for a postponement," said the smooth bore.

This was literally "pepper in the court's soup," water on the judicial wheel, as the vernacular has it. For three days he had calmly endured; now was his chance for revenge, and so he uttered a series of sarcasms in his voice when he uttered his motion. He could not see how gentlemen who have shown such intense anxiety for their clients' interests for three days could bear up under further delay, and so in the face of my own inclination I shall order a night session. Mr. Clerk, adjourn the court until eight p. m.

At eight p. m. the court opened. Both counsel, eager for the evening's festivities, had donned their dress-suits. Both were accompanied by the ladies they were to escort during the evening, and both had carriages awaiting them at the foot of the stairs to bear them off to the scenes of gayety so soon as the court finished. Mounting the bench, the judge took in a glance the preparations for a happy flight, and they only gave an added zest to his revenge. "Noticing the presence of ladies he said:

"Counsel are aware that this is a divorce case, and of the charges made, and while the court has no wish to request the ladies to leave the room, he would suggest that they intend to discuss the case thoroughly."

Counsel looked blankly at each other; the ladies appeared to take the suggestion as a challenge and only settled themselves more comfortably in their chairs. Then the judge commenced a review of the case in point, and at 9 p. m. he had gone through the evidence. Counsel brightened perceptibly, for their contentment fell when the judge remarked that he proposed to go through a brief review of the history of the divorce from the earliest times. They protested that this was unnecessary, but the court replied that in view of the importance of the trial, as shown by the length of the arguments, he did not feel at liberty to omit any point in his charge. At ten p. m. he reached the history of divorce under the Cæsars. Counsel were yawning, the ladies asleep. At eleven p. m. he had finished the history of divorce in America. Both counsel were asleep when the Socrates case was touched upon, and snored heavily when the Court was pointing out the harmful points in Sprague case. Dropping a book and upsetting the water-decanter to awake them, the Court proceeded to tackle the Fair case, and at twelve p. m. was slowly wading through the mass of depositions he had made from the history cited. At one a. m. the court ceased and the two attorneys, with their ladies, crawled down stairs to find that they owed the hackmen \$7.50 each for waiting time, and besides the consciousness that the Court had fairly paid them out in their own coin, which gave them no possible chance to complain, they had to endure the hard reflection of an evening's pleasure sacrificed.—*Alta California.*

—Joseph Bush, of Cherryvale, Kan., when a child nineteen years ago, lost the sight of one eye. He has just recovered from a malarial fever and with health his eyesight has returned.—*Chicago News.*

About Ferrets.

"I am fond of rats, mice, moles, roaches, flies, fleas, mites, scorpions, ants and like vermin, because I have studied their habits and ways nearly all my life," said a little man in spectacles yesterday. He sat at his desk in a small shop in a busy street downtown, writing busily. At his side was a pen about five feet long, two feet wide and three feet deep. In it were twenty or thirty ferrets coiled together in an undulating mass of fur, with here and there a sharp muzzle and a pair of bright little eyes rising above the mass and looking intently at the little man who wrote at the desk.

"There was a time, many years ago," continued the little man, wheeling around in his chair, "when vermin were more or less obnoxious to me, but I began to study their habits and natures, and in a short time I became so much interested in them that all dislike disappeared. I am now a business in destroying them about 1830, and since that I have had my hands full. I make contracts to rid houses, hotels and institutions of rats for so much a year. My charges vary considerably. For a good-sized city residence I remove all rats and keep them away for a year for fifty dollars."

"How do you do it?" "With those little beauties," said the little man, turning affectionately toward the pen. As he did so the ferrets wriggled out of the coiled tangle in which they had lain and bounded upward with their fore-paws in the air and their heads thrown back, exhibiting joy at every jump. They were pretty little creatures, about as big as a rat's tail, but almost twice the length. Their heads were rat-shaped, their fore-claws very sharp and their activity and quickness amazing.

"I have a thousand of them," said the rat-catcher, "and I wouldn't sell the lot for \$20,000. I have trained them all so that they obey me unhesitatingly. When I wish to clear a house of rats I take some of my ferrets—five or ten—or slip them into the rat holes. I leave them there all night and whistle for them on the following day. They come right to me and I take them home. No rat can escape a ferret. The rats run from ferrets like mad, but it is useless. Wherever a rat goes a ferret can go. The ferret catches a rat and then cuts him in half, bones him, tail and everything. Ferrets cannot live without rats for any length of time. I feed mine hair, feathers and fur regularly twice a week."

"Where do you get your ferrets?" "I breed them. Different breeds can be crossed as easily as dogs."

He took a bit of raw meat in a big tin can, and held it up to the height of about four feet over the den of ferrets. Every one of the little creatures bounded fiercely for the meat. He raised it as they jumped, and only half a dozen of the best jumpers succeeded in fastening their jaws on it. To show how tenaciously the ferrets held their grip, the rat catcher swung the can and held it steady, and the ferrets against the sides of the pen, but they could not be shaken from their hold. Then he selected one, seized it by the back of the neck and tore it loose from the meat.

"This one," he said, holding it aloft, "is a new breed. It is a cross between the American mink and the Fitch ferret, and can stand up to diphtheria, and the other uncontrolled breeds. Ferrets require considerable care, but I avoid any contagious diseases by a very simple plan."

"What is it?" "As soon as a ferret gets the least bit off I shoot it and throw it away. It is a wise plan, for the rest are never troubled."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Warning to American Girls.

Joseph F. Potter, our Consul at Creffeld, Germany, has been making investigations in regard to a matter of great interest to our fair countrywomen, and the result of his labors is to be found in a report full of information of the most vital interest. He has been inquiring into the results of marriages between American girls and German nobles, and what he tells us most startlingly.

In thirty-three marriages cited there had not been a single happy union, but either a divorce or abandonment has speedily followed the wedding. He finds the reason for this unhappy state of affairs to be that the American wives have in every instance been brutally treated, and in some cases absolute violence has been used. The brides were expected to perform the most menial offices. In one instance, the husband, who is an officer of rank in the German army, demanded that his wife perform the service usually expected from a servant of the humblest sort, and one of the things she was ordered to do was to superintend the cleaning of his boots. This lady was the daughter of a leading railroad magnate in a Western State, and the story she tells is a most pitiable one.

Her hard-headed father took the precaution at her marriage to settle his daughter's fortune upon her, and tied it up in such a way that she could not relinquish its control even if she desired. But after many humiliating tasks had been given this lady, the boot cleaning was required. Then she rebelled. She drew the line there, and with her American blood at the boiling point she flatly refused. Her warrior husband, who, besides his military rank, has the title of Count, attempted to enforce his ruling upon her by using his riding whip upon her, and she, a bride, and after a serious time of it she evaded the flogging and left the bed and board of the knightly Uhlans for her native land. Her husband could not prevent her departure, but tried to compel the payment of a certain sum of money by way of sale to the world's sensibility received by her abrupt departure. He did not succeed, for the lady had no property in the province that could be held, so she got away without further loss of time.

"That match you are lighting your cigar with is a very small thing, isn't it?" said a passenger who had shared my seat for a few miles. "A small thing; but you wouldn't believe the American people paid out \$27,000,000 for matches last year, would you? It looks big, but it is a fact. Now, take a pencil and figure it out. Fifty millions of people in this country; they use on an average five matches each per day; that is 250,000,000 matches daily, or 2,500,000 boxes of 100 matches in a box, every day. Last year these boxes retailed at an average of three cents each, making \$75,000,000 a day for matches, or \$27,375,000 a year. And then, to think that three-fourths of all these matches were supplied by one company. If they didn't make \$8,000,000 clear profit out of it they didn't make a cent."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

The Wide, Wide World.

LEA, REPAIRER OF FURNITURE, at La E. Delgado, L. D. and Counselor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: One single application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numerous other remedies without effect.

BUFFALO has a dumb Alderman. He cannot debate and therefore has to content himself with making motions.—*Lovell Citizen.*

A Dead Shot May be taken at liver and bilious disorders with Dr. R. V. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Mild yet certain in operation; and there is none of the reaction consequent upon taking severe and drastic cathartics. By druggists.

It is the sausage manufacturer who makes both ends meet.—*N. Y. Independent.*

SINCE LAST OCTOBER I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—often in the night having to get up and inhale salt and water for relief. My eye has been twice, for a week at a time, so I could not see. Waxed my nose with remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was fastidious, but in a few days was cured. My nose now, and also my eye, is well. It is wonderful how quick I am to get well. Mas. Gonzales S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

"AM AT your service, madam," said the polite burglar, when caught with his arms full of silverware.

"Woman and Her Diseases" Is the title of an interesting treatise (66 pages), sent, post-paid, for three stamps. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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A MAN with a wooden leg may be said to be stump the town.—*Chicago Herald.*

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THE only remedy sold in the United States to-day that actually cures rheumatism is Durand's. It never has and never can fail to cure the worst case. Write for free pamphlet. E. A. Spaulding, druggist, Washington, D. C.

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NOTHING better for Asthma than Pilo's Cure for Consumption. 25c. per bottle.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

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CATTLE—Shipping Steers.	\$5.00	4 1/2
Native Hotters.	3.00	4.00
Native Cows.	2.00	3.00
Butchers' Steers.	4.00	5.00
HOGS—Good to choice heavy.	4.00	5.00
Light.	4.00	5.00
WHEAT—No. 1.	60	65 1/2
No. 2.	50	55 1/2
RYE—No. 1.	20	25 1/2
CORN—No. 2.	10	15 1/2
BARLEY—No. 2.	10	15 1/2
CLAY—No. 2.	10	15 1/2
BUCKWHEAT—Choice dry.	20	25 1/2
CHEESE—Kansan, new.	10	15 1/2
EGGS—Choice.	10	15 1/2
PORK—Hams.	10	15 1/2
Shoulders.	7	10 1/2
Sides.	9	12 1/2
LARD—Miscellaneous, unbleached.	10	15 1/2
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CATTLE—Shipping Steers.	5.00	5.50
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HOGS—Good to choice.	4.50	5.00
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FLOUR—No. 2.	1.00	1.05
WHEAT—No. 2.	1.00	1.05
CORN—No. 3.	.45	.48 1/2
OATS—No. 2.	.30	.32 1/2
RYE.	.25	.28 1/2
PORK—Middling.	.94	.96
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CATTLE—Good to choice.	4.50	5.00
HOGS—Good to choice.	4.50	5.00
SHEEP—Fair to choice.	3.75	4.50
FLOUR—No. 2.	1.00	1.05
WHEAT—No. 2.	1.00	1.05
CORN—No. 3.	.45	.48 1/2
OATS—No. 2.	.30	.32 1/2
RYE.	.25	.28 1/2
PORK—New Mess.	12.50	13.00
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Export.	5.25	5.75
HOGS—Good to choice.	4.50	5.00
COTTON—Middling.	.94	.96
FLOUR—Good to choice.	1.00	1.05
WHEAT—No. 2.	1.00	1.05
CORN—No. 2.	.45	.48 1/2
OATS—Western mixed.	.28	.30
PORK—Standard mess.	14.25	14.50

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